TRANSLINGUAL

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"The Journey"

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Readers,

Translingual first began during the Fall semester of 2012 with a small group of passionate students who saw the possibility in starting a publication that would capture Middlebury students' strength in and passion for world languages. With a community so full of linguistically and artistically talented individuals, Translingual has successfully delivered fine poems, short stories, essays, and artwork to avid readers on campus for the past three semesters.

Unlike previous issues, Translingual presents the theme of "Journey" to you in this fourth issue. As vividly reflected in our own lives, a journey can take many forms; from personal introspection to interaction with others and the society, we not only face challenges that entail tragedy, stress, and anger, but also blessings that bring happiness and purpose to our lives. After a careful and thorough review, editors have agreed that the theme of journey best describes the submissioins included in this issue.

Despite the relatively young age of our magazine, with the support of passionate readers like you, Translingual has successfully embarked on its fourth journey. It is our sincere wish that you will find our selections as a good company for your journey, just as you did with ours.

Sincerely,
Translingual Editorial Board

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Photo by Joy Zhu

WANT CHANGE, NOT LIFE / من اجل التغيير ال الحياة

By Alaa Abdelfattah [Arabic - English]

، وجدنا انفسنا فجأة نقول الذي قلناه في ٢٠١١ حين قامت الثورة في مصر عام

إذا بدا لك أن القدر يريد القرار" و آن ذاك ابتسمت فقد سمعت هذا القول من قبل و كنت منذ صغري اتسأل كيف "
لنا ان نغرس في وجدان الشعب إرادة للحياة؟ و كيف يمكن ان نغذي هذه الارادة؟

يرى كثيرون أن الثورة فشلت لأنها لم تحقق أهدافها الكاملة في ٢٥ و اجاب القدر بثورة

السلمي

اجل اجتناب هذا المال فان "ارادتي"

مشاقة و طول الطريق من اجل الحصول علي هذه الحياة التي يريدها، اذن فالارادة واحدها لا تكفي و كان من الاحق ان يقول
الشاعر "عزم" او يستخدم فعل ينم عن اتخاذ خطوات نحو تغير الواقع لا فقط التمني

زمن طه حسين و عباس العقاد، زمن كان يبعث في روح المصريين حب الوطن حتي نطقها الزعيم مصطفي كامل "

لوك ولكن اليوم طفح كيل الشعب و اصبحت هذه العبارة بلا قيمة فان المصري يفضل ان يكون

."

فقد قبل المصريون الحياة مليئة بالقهر و الذل و الاهانة و الظلم و لم يفضلوا الموت إذن فاختيار الشاعر لكلمة "حياة" هو اختيار غير موافق و لعله استبدل كلمة حياة ب "يعيش" او "التغيير" فكلا الكلمتان ينمان عن فعل بدلا من واقع فنحن بالفعل احياء و لكن كذلك الكلاب و القطط، فماذا يفرقنا؟ لما نختلف عنهم؟ نحن نعش. نحن نملك تغير واقعنا و بناء المستقبل فيصبح السؤال و لما لم نفعل بعد اذا كانت الارادة موجودة؟ لعلنا لا نمتلك الشجاعة؟ المال؟ الوسيلة؟ المعرفة اللازمة من اجل بدأ "حياة" جديدة

. و لكن ٢٠١١ لم يمتلكه و يعزم التغيير بلا رجعه فاما التغيير و ام الموت و هكذا ارغم المصريون القدر ان يتجيب لارادتهم و مطالبهم عام

خوف يدفع المواطنيين إلي الاستغناء عن كرامتهم و حريتهم في مقابل الأمان اذي توفره منظمات الدولة الفاسدة، دولة العواجيز و لذلك
"فاني افضل قول الله تعالي "

و السلام عليكم و رحمة الله و بركاته

بقلم: آلاء عمرو

When the revolution erupted in Egypt in 2011, and after the wave of protests has settled down (around Mid Feb), I was watching the news with my grandma when she looked at me and sagely said: "Al-Shaby said it a long time ago, 'If the people one day want life, then destiny must respond.'" I then replied with a smile, for I have heard those lines before, and throughout the years I have wondered, how can we plant this "want for life" in the hearts of the people? How can we feed their desire for life?

Fate answered my questions with the January 25th Revolution, and I discovered that Al-Shaby stands corrected. First, desire alone is not enough, just as good intentions do not redeem mistakes, for the road to hell is paved with good intentions. I could want a new pair of shoes or the latest cell phone, yet if this want does not translate into willingness to work for the money needed to purchase these items then wanting has done me no good. Similarly, people might "want" life, but they are sometimes unwilling to work hard or at least endure hardship along the road in order to attain and deserve the life they want. Again, wanting is not enough, and it would have been more appropriate for the poet to use a verb that demands action rather than just wishful thinking in order to change reality.

Second, it is clear that Al-Shaby has not lived in a time during which the Egyptian life is barely worth the price of the bullet that ends it. Indeed, he has lived during the good times of Taha Hussein and Abbas Al-Akkad; a time that inspired the great Leader Mostafa Kamal to utter his most famous words "If I were not an Egyptian, I would wish to be an Egyptian." But today, those words have become worthless, as the people would rather be foreign, rich or happy than be Egyptian, for the word Egyptian no longer means life. The word Egyptian means a struggle for life, a struggle for existence, for food, water and shelter. A struggle that has rendered dignity the minimal cost for existence leaving behind it a country where there is life but not people living nor people who are alive.

Egyptians have accepted a life full of insult, injustice, and oppression, and favor death over this kind of life (can we blame them?). Therefore, Al-Shaby's employment of the word "life" is inadequate and inappropriate. He should have employed a verb like 'living' or a dynamic noun like 'change' instead of the noun 'life,' for both of the aforementioned words entail action rather than the plain fact that is life. Every living thing has a life, what distinguishes us? What makes us different? We live. We have the choice to change our reality and build our future. And yet the question remains: If we can, then why have we not done so until now? Perhaps, we do not have the courage, money, means, or necessary knowledge to start this new "life" we "want."

Finally, the January 25th Revolution has proved that perhaps a death wish can achieve what desire for life could not. For it was only when the people pursued change without retreat, asking for change or death, did they bend fate to their will in 2011. Unfortunately, Egyptians regained their desire for life too soon afterwards thus losing control over their destiny again. And what a loss it is, for until this day, Egyptians' happiness with their revolution is not complete because the people's desire for life brings fear with it, which prompts citizens to relinquish their dignity and freedom in exchange for security that only corrupted governmental institutions of the old country can provide. And it is because of that, that I prefer the words of the Almighty to that of Al-Shaby, "Indeed, Allah will not change the condition of a people until they change what is in themselves" (Qur'an 13:11).

And May Allah's Peace, Mercy, and Blessing be with you.

Photo by Joy Zhu

SELLING OUT /做雞

By Joy Zhu [Chinese - English]

中環。玻璃與鋼枝，種種迴腸盪氣的繁華。從康樂廣場仰目一看，雙眼建築龐大得雙眼涉獵不完，層層疊疊，　環佈至樓層背後的山頭，就像一齣舞台劇的佈景。我們對視覺奢華簡直把吞拼了天空。若循著兩旁建築林立的街道往上跋涉，便走進了一個淩亂幻滅，沒有盡頭的迷宮。

玻璃大樓裡面卻是另一番的光景。金鐘廊裡的精緻與豪華又是一齣舞台劇的佈景（還是外面舞台劇的後臺？）。這裡金光燦爛卻凝聚著一股嚴肅地氣氛，好像動些少便會將精緻的佈置打碎。這裡你只聽見西裝陣陣的瑟縮，而當上班族們正準備挪開的手臂，卻害怕自己豪邁的手舞足蹈惹來嘲諷的嬉笑，便寂寂地低頭看錶。他們腳下的的士小巴卻響得叫嚷得多洶湧啊！塵土飛揚。司機們穿著汗染的背心，含著牙籤，在焗熱的空氣裡自如地循著彎彎的小街穿梭奔騰。

奇妙的是，薄薄的玻璃竟能隔絕著兩個完全不同的世界。外面的骯髒和喧鬧沾染不到裡面的人，而裡面的緊張地氣氛永遠圍繞著金飾凝滯。相反，外面時速八十公里的刺激裡面的人也不會領會；裡面的光輝總是被冷氣和玻璃墻保鮮，滲不到外面。

走過行人天橋時，瑪麗總會不自覺的在玻璃里尋找自己的模糊地倒影。

她是一個平凡的女子。不高不矮，不肥不瘦，並肩的頭髮亦不長不短，三圍中中挺挺。除了因為撻著她得Aerosole　平底鞋慢慢走路常常招來惹莫名的怒視之外，她得人品還可以。有時，她會很天真去想一些很無聊的事情，例如：透過玻璃，有時會覺得自己好像被困在魚缸裡面。但又想，透過玻璃，是你在外面還是我在外面？

＊　＊　＊

新的一天，售貨員穿著西裝服守在首飾店櫃檯前台。近來暴發戶洶湧購物，店舖內的人流比平日繁多，只是售貨員都咬著不正中的普通話，字字拖泥帶水，混摸不清，引來笑話。幻化成員工，瑪麗覺得她們就是被藏在金色籠子裡的金絲鳥，　柔弱的鳥兒。

“不如直接改成旗袍吧？露出點腳肚子,更有一番中國女人的味道，”瑪麗有一次向經理建議。

“D客邊有咁得閑同你玩學生妹。大佬，你估我地酒樓咩？”

有一次，她又問經理，“不如賣多一點銀飾啦，金色咁土”，　　“大陸人都唔買，有咩鬼用？”

＊　＊　＊

晚上，店內人流漸減，幾個接待生站到店面旁整理賬戶。人潮過后，這裡聞到的卻是一種乾淨的味道。　清潔人員無微不至的打理令店面亮麗得不近人情。

“唉，真喺好想轉行。個個十萬十萬咁碌卡，個個咩月球人地球人。自己一個賺得兩萬一個月。靠commission搵食，販賣我既尊嚴，仲衰過賣身。”　說著說著，文便補妝邊發牢騷，”最憎人淨睇唔買，扮曬嘢，又要我地低聲不氣，做雞都好D啦！“

“咁你轉行囉”

玲說連忙緊張地看看湯在不在附近。

“佢今日好似未返窩。”　安東看見她鬼鬼祟祟地瞥著周圍，便幫把口。

“哈，做珠寶仲怨。做厘行邊似捧飯同其他時裝店銷屎，成日騰來騰去，薪金每小時最低工資。你咁不如嫁個有錢老公仲好？”

瑪麗從玻璃櫥櫃的倒映，目睹她一臉驕橫的怒相，“你把口可不可以唔好咁臭啊，我都系發洩下姐！”

文望出櫥窗，呼出一聲歎息。外面卻只傳來瑟縮的腳步和噴水池的聲音。“你今日冇野啊麻？”玲終於問。“冇”，她的眼神仍放在遙遠的一方，“我出去散散步，”說著，從她的普拉達軍綠色蛇皮手袋掏出煙盒，消失於商場裡的電光幻影。

“港女又大發脾氣。”　安東抿著嘴輕輕一笑。

“她成日收兵納將，以為自己比所有人美麗精明，但其實除了賣弄自己的色相她們還懂什麼?”

瑪麗是金飾店的售貨員。每天朝九晚六，準時返工放工。不知道是因為她讓經理吃她豆腐還是讓客人吃她豆腐，是個模範銷屎。其實她寧可到　‘荷裡士得’　做，不過英文太差。算罷了，書裡自有黃金屋？她寧願把自己圍繞於金碧輝煌的櫃檯。雖然沒有香水繚繞，酷似老蘭的舞場的店面，但她總會自我安慰，還是中國的客人好。雖然洋腸個朵好聽一點，但是還是中國人有錢。但其實，什麼金石銀鑽？其實她最喜歡的還是俗套的瑪瑙手鐲吧。亞曼尼不亞曼尼，只不過是一套西服，跟普通西服有什麼分別？

閒著閒著，瑪麗退到了櫃檯後面補妝。她專心致志地向着鏡子提起臉龐，把一頭頭髮扎起，擺出一面冷傲的樣子。曾經，染了金髮的她在鏡裡是名諳知世事的老闆娘。在旺角搞時裝店，俾街黨收過保護費，黑社會吹雞。她以為自己已看透世態炎涼。但不幸鋪租太貴。命運讓她遇上湯后，她還是把頭染回深啡。為了活下去，人難道可以不做雞？

Central. Edifices in steel and glass. Here, you are overwhelmed with notions of mass, the way physical immensities engulf the individual. Look up from Jardine Square, and sight is inaccessible without the perspicuous eyeballs of a fly – the skyscrapers to the layered buildings at the hills structured into a theater backdrop of a $50 million Broadway production, forcing the sky away the way the spreads of half-torn stripper ads in the alley tucks the contours of the walls away. If you delved deeper into the scenery, you will convolute and dissolve away into an invisible world, confused by the obscurity of the forms.

You emerge into Queensway to find yourself inside a spotless apparition of cut glass and furnished surfaces, where the lucid clicks and ticks of the ATM machines and piano music intimate the fragility of the furnishings, masking the surreptitious grind of the axle and grease of figures, stocks, bonds. Through the distilled air you hear the frisking of the suits as men move minutely in their surreptitious guises of reservation, oblivious to the maniacs in sleeveless shirts outside roaring toothpick-in-mouth into the steam of the road, trying to kill someone whenever they brake through the narrow streetcorners.

At the boundaries of these two worlds, you find yourself rejected at the glass. Nothing can begrime the insides; nor can its stiltedness overwhelm the hustle and bustle of the outside. Yet, neither can those inside understand the thrill of being on a bus driving 80 kilometers per hour; nor the bus drivers the cosmic consummation of luxury.

Mary always tries to look for her own reflection in the glass as she walks across the elevated walkway.

She is pretty ordinary in all respects. Average shoulder-length hair. Average breast-waist-hip ratio. Neither too tall nor too short, nor too fat or skinny. Apart from generating too many angry glances as she clicks her Aerosole flats while walking, she's okay. She has frivolous thoughts too, such as: being inside the glass feels like you're inside a fishbowl. But am I actually outside?

***

Start of a new day. The gold shop saleswomen of Queensway stand fresh and sharp by the jewelry displays. Recently, upstart merchants from the mainland have been flooding the shops, undeterred by Putongua accents of the saleswomen so horrible as to be unintelligible. Sometimes, Mary thinks these delicate creatures are like Canaries in golden cages, which is probably why she told Tom that making their work clothes Cheongsam could be a good idea.

'Why not have us work in Cheongsam? We could show our calves. We'd look exotic and feminine.'

'Jeez, Who has the time to play school-girl dress-ups with you? Seriously? Do you really think that we are a restaurant?'

The other time, she pointed out mistakenly that selling silver could be a perk to boosting sales.

"Why don't we sell more silver? Gold is so old-fashioned."

"What's the point? Mainlanders don't like silver.'

***

The shoppers have dispersed by night. After the rush of the crowd, a scent of sterility lingers in the store. With on pains spared in cleaning, the storefront maintains its brutal brightness.

'Gosh, I want to change jobs. Did you see how those people swipe off by the hundred thousands? We get by 20-30 per month, and doing it by commission is the same as selling my soul. Why don't I just sell my body.' Powdering her face, Wendy continues, 'I just hate it when people just browse without buying. You have to pander to them for them for nothing. This is even worse than selling my body, you know?'

'Then do it,' Lily said, turning quickly around to see if Tom is around.

'I don't think he's back today?' Antonia looked at her and shrugged.

'You are selling jewelry and complaining complaining about it? Wow. We are so much better off than fashion salesmen or footmen that drudge about balancing plates like clowns, doing scutwork non-stop on minimum wage. Kids working in those places are just some weed-smoking coke-snorting high school dropouts trying getting a 9 to 5. Are you trying to make yourself one of them? Instead of delivering yourself into the jaws of hell, why don't you just marry someone rich. At least that's selling your body for a good cause.'

Mary caught a glimpse of Wendy's face through the glass reflection, wrought with rage.

'Shut your face, bitch. I was just trying to vent!'

Wendy looked through the glass, sighing. In the silence, only sounds of footsteps and of the fountain could be heard.

'Are you okay?' Lily finally asked.

'Ya,' her eyes were still focused somewhere afar, 'I'm going to take a walk'.

She slipped her pack of cigarettes from her army green Prada purse into her pocket and disappeared into the refracted light of the mall.

'Our pampered missus is throwing a tantrum again,' Antonia smiles.

'She thinks she can make any man listen to her with her beauty. But what else does she have apart from that?'

Mary was a saleswoman of a Gold Shop. On the dot everyday from nine to six o' clock. She is a model worker. Whether it is because she lets her manager take advantage of her or her customers, she doesn't know. She'd actually rather work in Hollister, but her English is too bad. Whatever. Who said there was gold in books? She'd rather surround herself with real gold, despite not owning any. Although it's nothing like the club Hollister makes of itself, she likes to comfort herself — aren't Chinese customers richer? She thinks she prefers Agate over gold. Armani or not, isn't it just another suit?

As she waited for time out, she lumbered back behind the counter to reapply makeup. Lifting her face up at the mirror, she pulled her hair into a ponytail and readjusted her features. When she had dyed her hair gold, she was the seasoned boss of a fashion store in Mong Kok. She paid collection to the gangs and knew frequent street fights round the corner. She thought she knew of the terrible things in the world, but the rent was too high. When fate brought her and Tom together, she dyed her hair back. To live, how can you not sell yourself out?

THE HUMAN WORLD THROUGH AN ANIMAL'S LENSES /
動物の目から見た、人間の世界。

人間にあって、動物にないもの。

人間には自由がある。
どんな事だってできるし、どんな所だって行けるし、
どんな時でも食べられるし、どんな物でも選んでいい。

人間には言葉がある。
冗談を言ったり議論したり叫んだりして、
笑ったり泣いたりくたくたに疲れたりする。
お互いを理解し合うための、コミュニケーションの手段。

人間には創造性がある。
便利な物を生み出したり、音楽を作ったり、
本を書いたりできる。
一緒にアイデアを分かち合って、いつも楽しさに満ちている。
人生に退屈することもなくて、いつもワクワクドキドキ。

人間の世界。
ああ、人間みたいになれたらなあ。
動物の世界から抜け出して、こんな退屈な生活から逃れたい。
あんな素晴らしい世界を味わってみたいなあ。
ほんのちょっとでもいいから。

いや、でもちょっと待てよ。
考え直してみよう。

人間は仕事をしなきゃいけない。
生きるために働いて、競争に勝ち抜くために勉強しなきゃいけない。

人間の生活。
ずっと大変で忙しそうだ。
嫌な面もあるんだな。
変わりゆく、めまぐるしい生活。

やっぱり、動物に生まれて良かったなあ。

What humans are but animals are not…

Humans are free.
Free to do whatever they please.
Free to go wherever they want.
Free to eat whenever they desire.
Free to choose whichever they like.

Humans have a language.
They joke to laugh, argue to tears,
Shout to exhaustion, and talk to sleep.
A language enables them to communicate and understand one another.

Humans are creative.
They invent useful things, write books, and compose music.
They share new ideas together, and have tons of fun.
They are not bored with lives, and are always excited.

The human world…
I wish I could be like a human.
If only I could get out of this animal world, and escape from this boring life.
I wish I could experience their amazing world.
If only I could for a little while.

But wait a second.
Think again.

Humans must work.
They must work to survive, and study to thrive in their competitive world.

The human world…
It is much busier than it seems.
There is an unpleasant aspect to their changing hard lives.

I'm glad to be born as an animal.

THE ANIMAL WORLD THROUGH A HUMAN'S EYES /
人間の目から見た、動物の世界。

人間がして、動物はしないこと。

動物は食べるだけ。
お腹が空いたら、食べるだけ。
いつでも食べられる。作らなくていいし、買わなくていい。

動物は寝るだけ。
疲れて眠くなったら、寝るだけ。
いつでも寝られる。何も心配しなくていい。

動物は遊ぶだけ。
つまらなくなったら、遊ぶだけ。
いつでも遊べる。勉強も仕事もしなくていい。

動物の世界。
ああ、動物みたいになれたらなあ。
人間の世界から抜け出して、こんな窮屈な生活から逃れたい。
あんなゆったりした世界を味わってみたいなあ。
ほんのちょっとでもいいから。

でも、ちょっと待てよ。
考え直してみよう。

動物は退屈そうだ。
生きるために食べて、寝て、つまらないとき暇をつぶすために遊ぶ。

動物の生活。
ずっと退屈で厳しそうだ。
嫌な面もあるんだな。
毎日が同じ、変わらない生活。

やっぱり、人間に生まれて良かったなあ。

What humans have to do but animals do not…

Animals just eat.
When they are hungry, they just have food.
They are free to eat.
They don't have to cook or buy food.

Animals just sleep.
When they feel sleepy and tired, they just nap or rest.
They are free to sleep.
They don't have to worry about anything.

Animals just play.
When they feel bored,
they just do something pleasant.
They are free to play.
They don't have to study or work.

The animal world…
I wish I could be like an animal.
If only I could get out of this human world, and escape from this hard life.
I wish I could experience their relaxing world.
If only I could for a little while.

But wait a second.
Think again.

Animals seem bored.
They eat to live, sleep to live, and play to survive in their monotonous world.

The animal world…
It is much more boring than it seems.
There is an unpleasant aspect to their unchanging monotonous lives.

I'm glad to be born as a human.

By Mari Morooka [Japanese - English]

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING

Whose woods these are I think I know.
His house is in the village though;
He will not see me stopping here
To watch his woods fill up with snow.

My little horse must think it queer
To stop without a farmhouse near
Between the woods and frozen lake
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake
To ask if there is some mistake.
The only other sound's the sweep
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep,
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

A quién pertenece este bosque creo que sé
Aunque su casa en el pueblo está
Parando aquí, él no me vera
Para ver este bosque con nieve cubrirse.

Mi pequeño caballo debe pensar que es extraño
Parar sin un establo cerca
Entre el bosque y la laguna congelada
En la noche más oscura del año

Él le da una sacudida a la campana de su arnés
Preguntando si es que hay algún error.
El único otro sonido es el barrido
Del suave viento y mullidos copos de nieve.

El bosque es encantador, oscuro y profundo,
Pero tengo promesas que cumplir,
y millas que recorrer antes de dormir
Y millas que recorrer antes de dormir

FIRE AND ICE

Some say the world will end in fire,
Some say in ice.
From what I've tasted of desire
I hold with those who favor fire.
But if it had to perish twice,
I think I know enough of hate
To say that for destruction ice
Is also great
And would suffice.

Algunos claman que el mundo terminará con fuego,
Otros claman que con hielo.
Por lo que conozco del deseo
Estoy del lado de quienes favorecen el fuego
Pero si tuviera que perecer dos veces
Creo que sé suficiente del odio
Para decir que para destruir, el hielo
Es conveniente también
Y satisfará.

Original Poems By Robert Frost
Translations by Alvaro Machuca [Spanish - English]

SHADOW

Una noche me harté
Le di el tiro de gracia
Me quedé pensando
no tuve nada que ver
Con el asesinato
Quedé pegada como su sombra

SOMBRA

One night I got fed up,
I gave him the shot of mercy.
I stayed thinking. I had nothing to do
with the murder.
But I remained like his shadow.

By Isabella Ocampo [Spanish - English]

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

THOUGHTS BEHIND A DISHONEST “NOTHING”

Thoughts behind a dishonest “nothing”
No one had ever gotten me to use more toothpaste before. Not before she did. And ..with things like that…I don’t know. It’s how someone really starts to haunt you. Until they become part of you. Eventually, the detail gets lost in you, and that, that can mean a lot of things.
7.AUG.12

QUAND ON DIT / UN PENSéE DERRIéRE : « RIEN ».

Quand on dit / Un pensée derrière : « Rien ».
Personne m’avez jamais influencé comme ça [comme utiliser plus de dentifrice quand je me brosse les dents]. Personne. Et…avec choses comme ça…je sais pas. C’est la façon dont quelqu’un commence vraiment à vous hanter – jusqu’à ce qu’ils commencent à devenir une partie de vous. Finalement, le détail se perd en vous, et ça, ça peut signifier beaucoup de choses.
7 août 2012

By Viviana Lozano [French - English]

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

Photo by Joy Zhu

Dear English Me,

You are difficult to fathom. One day you declare boldly that you are an unknown mystery. The next you interject confidently that you have found yourself to be a beautiful song. Still the next you proclaim that you are a bountiful orchard. Your sense of self is ever changing, ungrounded, all too confusing to tie together into one united whole. You could do to learn from 中文的我.
與你相反，中文的我卻包含了肯定的意義。曉是clarity,又是daybreak跟dawn. 敏是fast,又有clever的意識。兩個字各有各種涵義，但卻加在一起可以成為一幅完整的畫。
曉becomes the clarity that is a result of self-reflection at daybreak and dawn – the starting and ending points of each day.
敏becomes the sharp-wittedness that all parents wish for in their children.
因為取中文名字的父母是經過考慮和討論編織出來對孩子的種種希望和祝福。但英文有限的父母對你的希望和祝福到底是什麼呢？對於英文有限的父母來說，可能你那存在的種種矛盾並不是意外。
You are the product of a lake shrouded in fog. When one fishes in such a fog, one can barely see the lake or the other fish, let alone understand why the fish has come to become the way it is. It is a big fish that has bullied and shoved smaller fish out of the way in order to eat its fill? Is it a smaller fish that darts from place to place, trying to carve out an existence for itself?
對那對中文流利的父母來說，你那來歷不明的存在就是在那片霧當中釣出來的吧。你的品質味道和人品如何都是不相關的。唯一重要的是你是English. 你是一個在香港，台灣以外可以生存的一個生物。
And I suppose that it your meaning. The very essence of your internal disharmony is in your survival abilities, and even more than 中文的我，your internal disharmony puts a sound so well to the confusions of being thrust into a foggy world of the wrong language.

我　敬上

By Charmaine Lam [Chinese - English]

HOMECOMING / DIE RÜCKKEHR

Original by Berthold Brecht
Translation by Eliza Jaeger [German - English]

My hometown, how am I to find it?
Following the swarms of bombs
I come home.
Where is it now? There, where the monstrous
Mountains are veiled in smoke.
There, in the fires,
Is my home.

My home, how shall it receive me?
In front of me, the bombs are coming. Deadly swarms
Announce my arrival. Conflagrations
Precede the son.

Die Vaterstadt, wie find ich sie doch?
Folgend den Bomberschwärmen
Komm ich nach Haus.
Wo denn liegt sie? Wo die ungeheueren
Gebirge von Rauch stehn.
Das in den Feuern dort
Ist sie.

Die Vaterstadt, wie empfängt sie mich wohl?
Vor mir kommen die Bomber. Tödliche Schwärme
Melden euch meine Rückkehr. Feuersbrünste
Gehen dem Sohn voraus.

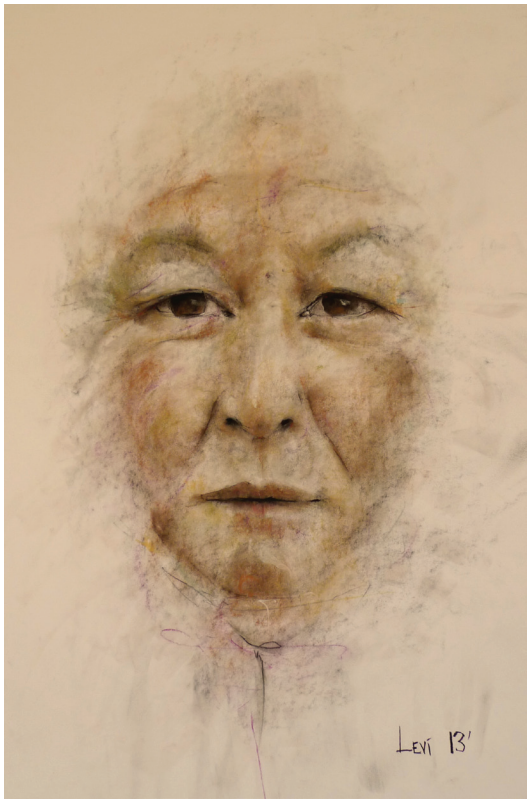
Photo by Eliza Jaeger

MY WINTERKONZERT / MY WINTER CONCERT

By Kristina Ohl [German - English]

Hoch in den Bergen spielt ein Winterkonzert
Der Wind singt eine antike Sprache,
während die Bäume im Takt tanzen
Ich schließe meine Augen,
höher und höher schwebend
während die weichen Klänge der Sesselbahn
wie Glocken läuten

High up in the mountains, a winter concert plays
The wind sings an ancient language,
while the trees dance to the rhythm
I close my eyes,
as I float higher and higher,
and the soft clangs of the chairlift
ring like bells



TWO MILES / DUAS MILHAS

By Andrew Smith [Portuguese - English]

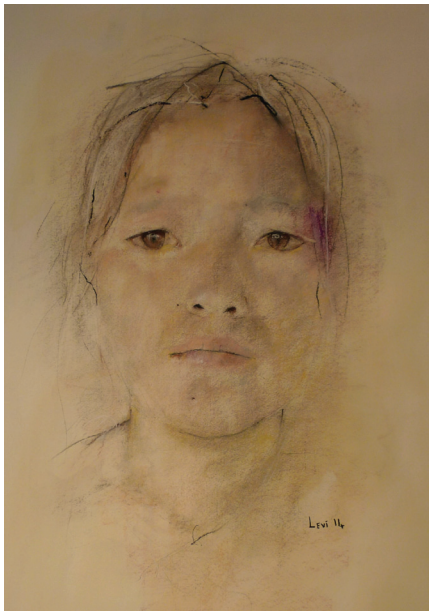
It was tantalizingly close, yet prohibitively distant.
We groaned in unison. A smile crept onto Mr. Cosman's face.
We had been hiking for hours yet every time we asked how far it was to the end Mr. Cosman gave us the same assured answer: "two miles."
When you're eleven, two miles is an eternity. I thought it was the cruelest joke of all, withholding the one piece of information that could give us relief from this long hike: the distance to the car.
How was I supposed to face the trail ahead of me when I had no way to size it up, to know how long until I could rest?
I felt indignant. It seemed like a great injustice. The "two mile" line seemed calculatedly cruel. It was that sinister sweet spot, too far to see the finish, but close enough to encourage a push for the end. With a short stride and a heavy pack I didn't think I could make it.
But all I could do was pout and then hike, at least until I was in charge.

At seventeen I led that same hike that had so tortured me six years prior.
The outing was called Tenderfoot Trail (or colloquially "Boot Camp"). There, the youngest scouts that had joined the Boy Scout troop that year were taken out on their first backpacking trip. They would learn the skills of hiking and camping from the older guys.
I was leading a group of eight kids, each eleven years old, who pouted almost as much as I had.
"How much further do we have Andrew?" "Can we have a backpacks-off break now?"
The cries pelted me from all directions.
I was overwhelmed by the frustration of the weary hikers. They were exhausted and sore and wanted a rest. I was almost convinced by my empathetic side to give them the rest that I had wanted when I was in their place. But I knew it wasn't for the best.
"Two miles" I said with a smile.
It was no problem for me. My legs were strong from long hikes with little rest. Six years had given me longer legs and therefore longer strides. To me, two miles was nothing, but only because I had faced it so many times before.
It's funny how subjective two miles can be. In a way it's an absolutely concrete number, unchanging, but more so it's fluid, constantly changing with the circumstances of the individual.
I've found it to be the same with any issue. You aren't always aware of your challenge, but you always have to face it. And far as I know, the solution is always two miles away.

Two miles are what you make of them.

Era tentadoramente perto, mas proibitivamente distante.
Nós gememos juntos. Um sorriso rastejou para a cara de Senhor Cosman.
Tivemos caminhando por quatro horas, porém cada vez que perguntamos quão longe foi ao fim Senhor Cosman lhes deu o mesmo certo resposta: "duas milhas."
Quando tem onze anos, duas milhas é uma eternidade. Eu achava que foi a brinca mais cruel, lhes negar a única peça de informação que lhes podia dar alívio: a distancia até o carro.
Como eu podia assumir a trilha adiantado de mim quando no tive maneira da avaliar, saber quanto tempo até podia repousar?
Sentia indignado. Me parecia um grande injustiça. A lenha de "duas milhas" parecia calculadamente cruel. Era esse doce ponto sinistro, demais longe para ver o acabamento, mas bastante perto para encorajar um impulso para o fim. Com meu curto passo e mochila pesada, no achava que podia acabar. Mas somente podia fazer beicinho e continuar, pelo menos até eu foi o chefe.
Quando tive 17 anos, liderei o mesmo caminho que me torturou faz seis anos.
O passeio foi chamado Trilha de Tenderfoot (ou coloquialmente "Boot Camp"). Aí, os batedores mais jovens que juntaram-se foram em seus primeiro viagem de mochileiro. Ali aprenderam as habilidades de caminhadas e camping dos garotos mais velhos.
Com mim era um grupo de oito meninos, cada de onze anos, que faziam beicinho quase tanto como eu fazia.
"Quanto mais temos, Andrew?"
"Podemos tiros as mochilas agora?"
Os gritos me atiraram em todas as direções.
Foi sobrecarregado pela frustração dos caminhantes fatigados. Estavam esgotados e doloridos e queriam um descanso. Estava quase convencido por meu lado empático lhes dar o descanso que eu queria quando estava em seu lugar. Mas sabia que não foi para o melhor.
"Duas milhas" dizia com um sorriso.
Não foi problema para mim. Meus pernas foram fortes de caminhos longes sem descanso. Seis anos me davam pernas mais altos e portanto trancos mais compridos. Para mim, duas milhas foi nada, mas só porque tem o vencido tantas vezes antes.
É engraçado como subjetivo duas milhas pode ser. Numa maneira é um número absolutamente concreto, imutável, mas mais é fluido, mudando constantemente com as circunstancias.
Eu tem descoberto isto ser o mesmo com qualquer questão. Não sempre pode saber o desafio, mas sempre tem que enfrente-lo. E em minha experiência, a solução é sempre duas milhas na distância.

Duas milhas são que faz delas.



Artwork by Levi Westerfield

THE GIRL MADE OF EXPLODING STARS / LA FILLE FAIT D'ETOILE EXPLOSANT

By Jiya Pandya & Abla Lamrani-Karim [French - English]

Photo by Joy Zhu

Je connais cette fille.

Cette fille qui es faite d'étoile explosant
Qui jaillisse dans mille directions différentes
Et vous brule chaque fois que vous essayez de les attraper.

Je la connais

Elle vit dans une piscine de poussiers d'étoiles cristalliser
Qui sont allongé en désolation sur le terrain,
Et même si vous voulais les ramasser
Et les remettre ensemble,
Vous ne pouvez pas.

Donc, vous vous tenez à cote d'elle,
Votre main serrant étroitement la sien
Pendant que vous tracez des motifs dans la poussière d'étoile avec vos pieds.

Je la connais.

Elle est constamment entre les galaxies,
A essayer de trouver un monde
Où elle peut arrêter de clignoter et commencer a briller

Vous vous juste qu'elle reste,
Elle es jolie juste debout la
Scintillant dans la claire de lune,
Mais comme vous l'observez, vous pouvez voir
Qu'elle est déjà trop éloigner de vous.

Je la connais.

Elle explose à l'intérieur,
Mais vous été à des années-lumière d'elle,
Vous ne la verrais pas éclater jusqu'à ce que sa soit trop tard.

Vous vous déplacer à la vitesse de la lumière pour la sauver,
Mais vous avez sous-estimé la distance.
Elle est partie.

Peut-être qu'elle n'a jamais eu besoin d'être sauvé,
La fille qui es faite d'étoile explosant.
Peut-être qu'elle avait juste besoin que vous lui permettre d'exploser.

Peut-être elle reviendra vers vous.
Apres avoir traverses le system solaire,
Peut-être elle espère que vous l'attendez.

Vous ne pouvez pas la sauver.
Elle brille trop maintenant.
Elle vous bruleras.
N'essayer pas.
Rester avec elle.
Elle a juste besoin que vous restiez.

Je connais cette fille.

Elle est résolue, gracieuse, et sage.
Elle es connaît autant que vous.
Elle es complexe, diffèrent et inconnaissable.
Et vous voulez la connaître.
Mais laissez-la s'éparpiller de mille manières,
Laissez-la exploser les étoiles.
Laissez-la faire le chaos.

Je la connais
Et je sais ceci.

Quand elle aura terminé,
Quand elle sera prête,
Si vous été rester,
Peut-être qu'elle vous trouvera.

I know this girl.

This girl that is made of exploding stars
Which shoot in a thousand different directions
And burn you every time you try to catch them.

I know her.

She lives in a pool of stardust crystals
That lie desolately on the ground,
And even though you want to pick them up and put them back together,
You cannot.

So you stand next to her,
Your hand clutching hers tightly
As you trace patterns in the stardust with your feet.

I know her.

She is constantly between galaxies,
Trying to find a world
Where she can stop blinking and start shining.

You just want her to stay;
She looks lovely just standing there
Glittering in the moonlight,
But as you watch her you can see
That she's spiraled too far away from you already.

I know her.

She is exploding on the inside,
But you're so many light years away from her
You won't see her burst apart until it's too late.

You'd move at the speed of light to save her,
But you've underestimated the distance.
She's gone.

Maybe she never needed your saving,
This girl made of exploding stars.
Maybe she just needed you to allow her to explode.

Maybe she'll come back to you.
After shooting across the solar system,
Maybe she is hoping that you'll wait.

You can't save her.
She's shining too bright now
She'll burn you.
Don't try.
Stay with her.
She just needs you to stay.

I know this girl.

She's resolute, graceful, and wise
She's known so much more than you have.
She's complex, different, and unknowable.
And you want to know her.
But let her shoot a thousand different ways first
Let her explode stars
Let her make chaos.

I know her.
And I know this.

When she's done,
When she is ready,
If you have stayed,
Maybe she'll find you.

CHOW YI: A MEDITATION ON MEMORY AND SEPARATION / 周怡的迷思

By Joy Zhu [Chinese - English]

在電影《前度》，阿平和周怡已經分手，但他們仍佩戴著他們的情人信物。談到往事時，種種的藕斷絲連讓舊情復發，讓他們情不自禁地親吻起來。其實他們兩個並沒有忘記大家 - - 周怡在跟二度男友分手后，在無助之際曾嘗試過跟他聯繫。雖然有復合的機會，周怡卻決意離去。阿平亦相應跟阿詩分手。一對相愛的情人最后無疾而終。

兩個相愛的人，分開后可以拾回舊情嗎？

根據電影里的片段，快樂的回憶是觸動他們情愫的罪魁禍首。每段愛情都能帶來美好的回憶。因為美好的回憶是不會變質的，所以它擁有憶龐大的魔力，讓我們希冀過去。紀念阿升腳踝上的星形紋身，阿平送個她的耳環和戒指，都是她對舊愛的紀念。流行曲中亦廣泛描述對回憶的珍藏。林二汶的《毋忘花》將一段感情暗喻為一朵花的生命。花朵在春天享受曇花一現的盛放，卻抵不住季節的凋殘。謝了的花不能再開，情人便成明日黃花。雖然一段感情就如花的生命一樣短，但對情人的回憶將會長留在歌者的心不變。在電影《無痛失戀》，Joel僱用了回憶刪除服務，希望把與舊女友Clementine的美好回憶刪掉。但目見段段扣人心絃的回憶在剎那間被摧毀，Joel才猛然醒覺自己作出了壞的決定，便拼命地嘗試將她植入回憶刪除器達不到的地方，希望把她的記憶保存。《一代宗師》的宮若梅對葉問的思戀源於他們共處的那一刻比武，從此‘念念不忘’。他們多年後重遇之所以沒有走都一起，是因為宮二懷念的並不是他，而是他們以前的時光。

既然大家寄望于共同的美好回憶， 並對雙方仍有感覺，那為什麼周怡沒去把握那一刻的曖昧，於新緣續前緣，演出新一集的精彩？

最近，網上流傳著一篇叫《愛上註定不可以在一起的人的悲痛》(The Pain Of Being In Love With Someone You Can Never Be With) 的文章。文章提及兩個性格不同的人能在一起是因為愛能使一方接受另一方的瑕疵。但它也提及有些性格不合的人註定不停地互相傷害，但卻因為太愛對方而不斷地離離合合。這些人註定不能在一起，因為大家有永遠不能磨合的芥蒂。

性格也許是讓兩個人不能共處的關鍵，但《無痛失戀》的製片人卻不以為然。因為Joel和Clementine兩個人的性格註定他們會擁有一段轟烈的愛情，所以就算兩個人的記憶已被刪除，他們也被富有默契的關係被拉到一起。再次相遇后，看過回憶錄帶，雖然明白大家的碰撞可若火星撞地球，但是兩個人仍然決意盡力起維繫這份愛，寧願冒著互相傷害的可能性也要經歷相處的快樂，可見他們本質上是註定要在一起的，無論有多難。

愛能包容接納，不見得他們不能白頭到老。但《前度》裡，周怡和阿平性格上的默契仍然可見。在阿平的公寓里，周怡初到時，兩人嬉笑怒罵，可見她的爽快不羈與他的含蓄體諒的性格擦出的默契遠比他跟文靜的阿詩合拍。既然本質上有製造默契的潛能，為甚麼又會行不通？

也許因為她有了多次傷痛的感情，明白將愛情作為自己的精神支柱是不能避免受傷害的。因此，她獨自去旅行，希望創出自己的一片天空，尋找新的非愛情寄託。但是一個人能夠為自己活下去嗎？也許《前度》給我們的啟示是戀人們必須先尋到新的目標和自我，才能有資格去面對舊愛，從新來過。看到周怡執然離去，阿平亦明白阿詩只不過是用來填補周怡給他的空虛。對周怡的回憶在他家裡處處有跡可循 - 就如那只因周怡經常發脾氣把杯碟摔破的而購買的透明膠杯。而片尾的那隻打破了的膠水杯，暗喻著他將周怡拋下決心，自己尋找新的旅程。

一段愛情是一季的花。每個人的性格造就了不同的命運 - 如宮若梅梅花般高處不勝寒的愛；或若《毋忘花》裡的黃花，甘於短暫的盛放。但也許他們會像Joel 和Clementine一樣註定再次遇上大家。落紅不是無情物，化作春泥更護花。如果有那一天，我希望他們能夠成熟地面對彼此的愛，再續前緣，並開始一段重生、嶄新的愛。

A Ping and Chow Yi have broken up in the Hong Kong movie 'Ex', and yet they still wear their keepsakes. As they reminisce about their past, they realize they still have feelings for each other, and start to kiss. In fact, neither is far from the other's mind – being completely helpless, Yi had tried to contact him when she broke up with A Sing. Although they have could have had reconciled with each other, Yi is determined to leave. As she leaves, A Ping also separates with his current girlfriend, A Si. Once more, the pair of lovers are separated.

Can two people who love each other get back together after a break up?

According to the movie, happy memories are the culprit of their resuscitated mutual affections. Every relationship brings happy memories. Incapable of altering their essence, these memories are potent and make us yearn strongly for the past. The tattoo on her ankle she got from A Sing, the earring and ring from A Ping are all tributes to the memories of her relationships. The idea of memory is also frequently represented in Cantopop. In Eman Lam's song 'Forget Me Nots', the life of flowers symbolize the life of relationships – flowers wither after a brief blooming, unable to withstand the ravage of seasons. Like flowers, love stales and becomes tasteless, unable to bloom again. Although love withers, its memories stay in the hearts it had touched forever. In 'The Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind," Joel hires Lacuna Services to erase Clementine from his mind in order to get over a traumatizing break up. And yet, Joel realizes this bad decision when he witnesses the destruction of his memories, and attempts to rescue Clementine from his mind by hiding her in places where the machine cannot find her. In The Grandmaster, Mei's love for Ye is sustained in the brief moment of their acquaintance – as they were contesting their Kung Fu skills. Although they meet many years later, Mei decides not to pursue Ye, as what sustains her is the memory of him, but not him in his physical form.

Since both possess good memories and feelings for each other, why then, did Yi relinquish her opportunity to take on a new life with him?

Recently, an article 'The Pain Of Being In Love With Someone You Can Never Be With' has gone into popular circulation. The article suggests that the reason two people can be together is because they love each other sufficiently to overlook their shortcomings and bad habits. And yet it also claims that some people with drastically polemic personalities will never be together. Although they will enter a perpetual cycle of reunion and separation from love, they will be forever separated by their irreconcilable differences.

Perhaps personality is the determining factor for the sustainability of a relationship. The makers of 'The Eternal Sunshine,' however, think otherwise. Since Joel and Clementine have good chemistry, they are meant to meet and be attracted to each other, which is why they did even after having their memories were erased. Even after viewing their erased memories, which are blazed by the remains of destructive fights, they decide to make the best of their time together to maintain their love. According to the makers of Eternal Sunshine, it is their determination to love each other but not their personalities that decides the sustainability of their relationship.

Since love is accepting, there is no reason why they can't grow old together. Yet Yi and Ping still have the chemistry they had shared before. Upon arrival at Ping's apartment, Yi and Ping frolicked and jested with each other. It is apparent that her audacity and his reticent spark better chemistry than that of Ping and A Si, who interact with each other in cold propriety. Why were they not together despite their chemistry?

Having gone through multiple painful break ups and betrayals, perhaps it is because Yi understands the insustainability of love as a buttress for a stable state of mind. This is why she finally decides to travel alone in hopes of finding something other than love to bring purpose to her life. And yet, it is hard for a person to live for themselves without a partner. Perhaps the message in 'Ex' is that we must find ourselves before we can start loving other people. As Ping sees Yi leave, he also realizes that A Si had only been a cushion to brace his sense of loss for Yi's departure. Things reminiscent of Yi are ubiquitous in his house – for example, he keeps plastic cups because Yi always breaks the glass ones when she throws a tantrum. The last shot of the movie shows a broken plastic cup, which seems to suggest his determination to put his memories of Yi aside to find purpose in his life.

Each relationship has the life of a flower, and each person's personality paves the way to a different fate – such as Mei's love, blooming as unobtrusively as plum blossoms in winter; or like the yellow flower in 'Forget Me Nots', which enjoys a short-lived but fervid magnificence. As the Chinese proverb says, 'Fallen flowers are not heartless things; becoming spring earth, they nurture new flowers.' If there is a day when they are together again, I hope they will come to love maturely and begin a new and rejuvenated relationship, just as withered flowers transform into spring earth again.

“GREEN IS YOUR COLOR” /
“绿是属于你的颜色”

By Morag McKenzie & Yuexin Zeng [Chinese - English]

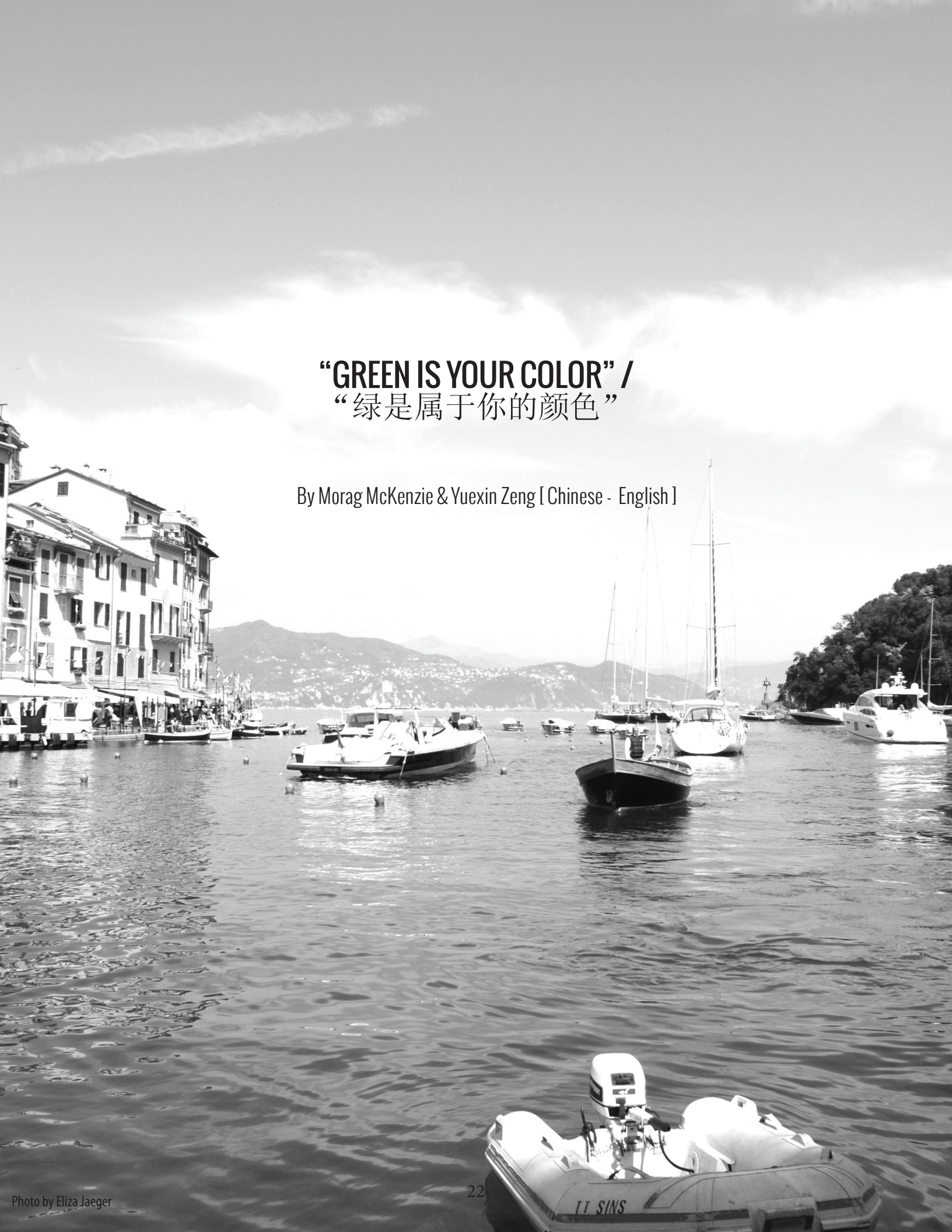


Photo by Eliza Jaeger

“Green is your color”
she said.
So I wore green, but
when I got there
all of the little old ladies stared blankly.
One pinched my behind
and said
“you would look better in pink.”

She was a woman to whom
brogues and shifts were more
than superfluous.
They were skin.

But when I went to find her
amidst the maze of mothballs,
I realized that, to her,
green was now
the same as pink.

She sipped her tea,
and I caught the dribble
before it colored her white shirt
tawny.
A nurse covered her in a yarn patchwork,
and she went to sleep.

I sat, in my green shirt,
listening to her snores and
watching the women
watch me.
Their mutterings
rebounded off my flesh,
like stones thrown at the persistently
absent.

I stayed until she woke.
Taking her paper hand in mine,
I tried to hold her
but she couldn’t stand.
Her eyes falling to her minder’s,
instead of mine.

When I was a child she told me
that catching lightning wasn’t as impossible
as everyone said it was.

But that she was reticent,
interminably enclothed,
baring blouses and bodices,
but never any glint of being.
Closed to closeness.

She,
shrouded now in the forgotten
had softly hinted that
perhaps existing
beyond the blaze
was all one could ever do.

Stuttering in the language of grief,
I brought back a
dried bougainvillea petal
hoping that my nakedness would last
past the blinding light.

“绿是属于你的颜色”
她说
于是我穿起绿色，可是
到那里的时候
一个小老太太捏了捏我的屁股
她说
“你穿粉红会更好看”

对于她这个女人
牛津皮鞋和衬裙
不止是身外之物
他们是皮肤

可是当我起身去寻她
在樟脑球的迷宫里
我发现，之于她
绿色现在已与粉红
沦为同物

她抿了一口茶
趁茶渍还没在白衬衫上绽放之前
我接住了掉落的茶滴
茶色
护工为她盖上纺纱织布
她睡去了

我坐下来，身穿绿色
听着她的呼噜声
看着那些女人
看着我
她们的祖鲁语咔嗤作响
从我的血肉弹开
仿佛把石子摔向那永久的
缺席

我留下来，直到她苏醒
我尝试
握着她纸一般的手
但是她无法忍受
把眼睛转向她的护工
而不是向我

还小的时候，她告诉我
抓住闪电，并不像所有人说的
是不可能的事情

但是她陷入沉默
永久地被裹着
身穿衬衫和胸衣
却不见一丝本色
紧闭在禁闭之中

她，
现在被遗忘包裹着
轻声暗示过
也许在那光芒之外的
存在
是人至高的追溯

在悲伤之语中结巴着
我带回一片
干枯的九重葛花瓣
但愿赤裸的我
能在这刺眼的光芒中
持续、持续
不消逝

POSING / FAÇON DE POSER

By Jack George [French - English]

Snow flies towards me in tight mouthfuls that chew on my cheeks and force me to lower my head. I confront the cold with my hood tilted forwards. I walk, slowly, stepping like a penguin with its eyes shut. Whatever, I'm nearly there.
It's a beautiful modern hotel. Black glass and chandeliers that bleed orange light.
I sit myself down on a plush grey cube that is, in fact, a sofa. Lucy appears out of no where and holds out her hand; I grab it and let it drag me past the reception and down a long metal corridor, adorned with minimalist photographs: an arm between the doors of a church; a brown, merciless eye that seems to stare at me between the fingers of a child.
I'm here with Lucy because her best friend, Sabine, is being photographed by a modeling agency. Lucy, however, hates such things and therefore wants to share her appreciation of such futility with me, her ex of about three years.
We walk past a queue of people, who, without this context of explicit superficiality, would all be considered complete wankers. Protein shake junkies. People who are best friends with their barber. Those who regard nightclubs as a sensational blend between ritual cathedral and infernal brothel. The sorts of people that everyone hates. But nonetheless, there is always a small pinch of jealousy conjoined with the hatred.

- I have never felt so out of place.

Lucy does not believe me, she tells me to enjoy myself, to appreciate 'the experience.' It is the first time that we've seen each other in three months. We haven't been together for a while; but up until recently we had maintained some degree of contact. It's tough, I don't recognize her as before, but there is a part of me that can't understand that shift. We were once as one.
We sit down on a bed that from afar looked like a pebble. The favored friends and families of the wankers are meant to sit here. I have nothing personal against Sabine and even her, herself recognizes the powdered atmosphere of the room. She whispers to Lucy:

- There are fat people here, it's not high quality.

I try to explain to her that the agency are trying to spread their claws, expand their out-reach beyond simple coat-hangers with faces. WHat use if fashion if it can't be related to by anyone. This I say, of course, without any ad hominem malice.
Lucy looks at me oddly.

- What?

She strokes my back and a smile, a little bit. Her fingers I knew so well.

- Us two should go up, no one would notice.

We laugh and people turn around, they can't understand how we could be having so much fun during such an important event.
Sabine is sat with her hands between her knees, she looks worried.

- What poses should I do?

She's asking us. Lucy suggests she puts her hands on her hips whilst having both her elbows and her chin thrust forwards, a natural pose in short.
It's odd because they're taking the pictures of the prospective models in front of everyone else, of everyone who's waiting. I suppose they're testing their resolve and confidence. But you can see that the eyes of those who are still sat waiting burn with jealousy each time an arrogant type steps up and purses their lips or threads their fingers through their hair.
It's almost Sabine's go to step up. Lucy can't stop trying to cuddle with me, mocking the wankers all the while:

- Look at him, he takes himself so seriously.. fuck, she's here with her mum.. he's actually pretty cute…

Sabine gets up and crosses the room with tiger-like steps. She gets into position. Eyes fixed upon prize, hips angular. Flash. Hands on head, chin-up. Flash. One from the side, why not. Flash. Flash. The photographer pulls her aside into another room.
Someone is crying behind me because they are wearing the wrong belt. Lucy nibbles on my ear, I can hear her breathe. I push her away and I stand up.
Sabine returns, furious, more furious than before.

- They're asking me to pay them. Me to pay them.

The sun is resting on the shoulders of the clouds on the horizon- a yellow-pink fade across the sky.

La neige vole vers moi en petites bouffées qui mordent à mes joues et me font baisser la tête. J'affronte donc le froid avec ma capuche en avant, je marche à pas de pingouin avec mes yeux mis-clos. Qu'importe, j'y suis presque.
C'est un beau hôtel moderne. Du verre noir et des chandeliers qui saignent de la lumière orangé.
Je m'asseois sur un cube gris qui sert de fauteuil. Lucie apparait de je ne sais où et me tend la main. Cette main je l'attrape et je la laisse me guider derrière la réception, le long d'un couloir au murs métalliques ornées de photographies minimalistes: un bras entre les portes d'une église; un oeil d'un marron sans répit qui me regarde entre des doigts d'enfant.
J'accompagne Lucie parce que sa meilleure amie, Sabine, se fait photographier pour une agence de mannequins, et Lucie, elle déteste les choses comme ça. Et donc, elle veut partager cette appréciation de la futilité, avec moi, son ex d'il y a trois ans. On passe devant une file de gens qui, sans ce contexte de superficialité explicite, serait traités tous, inconditionnellement, comme des connards/connasses. Les junkies des boissons à la protéine. Les meilleurs amis de leurs coiffeurs. Les gens pour lesquels la boite de nuit sert à la fois comme cathédrale rituelle et comme boudoir infernal. Les gens que tout le monde déteste quoi. Mais tout de même, il y a toujours aussi une pincée de jalousie qui s'agrippe à cette haine.

- Je ne me suis jamais senti si hors de ma place.

Lucie ne me crois pas, elle me dit de m'amuser, d'apprécier 'l'expérience.' C'est la première fois qu'on se voit depuis quelques mois. On n'a pas été ensemble depuis un moment là mais jusqu'à récemment on se parlait assez régulièrement. C'est dur, je ne l'a reconnait plus comme avant, mais il y'a une part de moi qui ne peut pas comprendre ce décalage. Il y a une fois on était comme un.
On s'assoit sur un lit qui ressemblerait de loin à un caillou. C'est là où doivent se mettre les amis et les membres de familles qui accompagnent leurs connards préférés. Je n'ai rien contre Sabine et elle-même reconnait l'atmosphère poudrée de la salle. Elle chuchote à Lucie.

- Mais il y'a des gros ici, ce n'est pas d'haute classe.

J'essaye de lui expliquer que les agences souhaitent étendre leurs griffes au-delà des simples cintres raccrochés à des visages. À quoi bon pourrait servir le monde de la mode si les personnes normales ne peuvent pas s'imaginer dedans? Je l'ai dit, bien entendu, sans la pointer personnellement.
Lucie me regarde de travers, je ne comprends pas ce que ce regarde veut dire.

- Quoi?

Elle me caresse le dos et je souris un peu. Ses doigts que je connaissais si bien.

- On devrait monter nous deux, personne s'en apercevrait.

On rigole, des têtes se tournent, ils ne comprennent pas comment on pourrait s'amuser lors d'un moment si important.
Sabine est assise avec ses mains entre ses genoux, elle a l'air de s'inquiéter.

- Quelle poses devrais-je faire?

Elle nous le demande. Lucie suggère qu'elle mette les main sur les hanches avec ses coudes et son menton en avant, une pose assez naturelle quoi.
C'est bizarre parce qu'ils prennent les gens en photo devant ceux qui attendent, je suppose qu'ils testent leur confiance. On peux voir les yeux des gens qui attendent leur tour brûler avec haine lorsque quelqu'un d'assuré contracte ses lèvres, ou file ses main dans ses cheveux.
C'est presque le tour de Sabine de passer. Lucie n'arrête pas d'essayer de me câliner tout en se moquant des pauvres photographiés:

- Regarde-le, il se prend trop au sérieux.. putain, elle est là avec sa mère.. lui il est beau quand même…

Sabine se lève et traverse la salle a pas de tigre. Elle se met en position. Yeux fixés, hanches à l'angle. Flash. Mains sur la tête, menton relevé. Flash. Un de côté pour la route. Flash. Flash. Le photographe lui emmène dans une autre salle.
Quelqu'un pleure derrière moi parce qu'elle a mis la mauvaise ceinture. Lucie me mord l'oreille tout doucement, je l'entends respirer. Je la repousse et je me met debout.
Sabine revient encore plus furieuse que pendant ses poses.

- Ils me demandent de leur payer eux. Moi payer eux.

Le soleil est à cheval sur les nuages de l'horizon, une couleur rose-jaune domine le ciel.

EMILY

By Viviano Lozano [French - English]

On a Thursday night Emily sat half asleep on her sofa holding a folded piece of newspaper in her hand. She was beginning to let go of a Sudoku puzzle she'd picked up earlier in the day. She rested her chin on her knee, sleepy, her temples shifting slightly with the clenching of her jaw. The high-pitched humming of the shower in the next room filled the warmly lit living room with a soft, gentle drone.

The bathroom door made a dull screech on the wooden floorboard. Gene pried it open mindlessly, rubbing her hair with a towel. The steam wisps from her shower rose out of the bathroom and touched Emily's face. Wild lavender. She struggled to keep eyelids open and looked at Gene. A faint smile came across her face as her eyes closed again softly.

"Still doing it?" Gene looked at her folded piece of paper. She sat down next to her, her sleeping t-shirt plastered around her shoulders with water.

"Meh, I think I fucked it up."

Sitting all the way back onto the couch, Gene began to sway her head.

"Oh..this song. Whatever it is."

"I don't hear anything."

Gene got up and turned a knob on the stereo. She stood looking at Emily.

"What is this?" Emily asks.

"I can't tell whether it's Evan's or. . ." Gene took a CD case from a shelf behind her and read the back of it. "Oh. I think Mara gave it to me."

"Really?" It had been about a month since Gene had mentioned Mara Rubin.

"Yeah. She gave me a few CD's. I guess some of them…are still here," she pulled another CD out.

"And, who is this playing?"

"Bill Evans? I've played him for you. You kind of, have to grow into it."

"Really? - Because I can't really make anything of this."

"Yeah, it takes time. You'd probably learn to like it."

They sat in the warm quiet of the room. Emily remembered something.

"Come sit with me again. It's been a while hasn't it?"

"I know, babe. We've been so busy this week though…we should get away soon." Gene smiled cunningly, crossing her legs beneath her on the couch. Her large eyes looking much more alert and than Emily's - did she mean get away right then?

"That'd be nice."

They fell silent again, both sitting back in the couch now.

"Maybe we can sleep early tonight."

"How old are you again?" Gene leaned onto Emily lightly, laughing. "I'm kidding, babe."

They sat for a moment longer, the weight of their bodies leaning against each other. Emily closed her eyes, wishing that she were already under the covers with Gene, amassing body heat in center of their cold linens. Her breathing became extended and even. Then her body made a sudden, small flinch.

"Come on, cuddlebug. You're falling asleep." Gene rose to her feet and walked into the kitchen. Emily felt revealed again to the cold air of the living room. She pulled her legs onto the couch and sat, oscillating between waking consciousness and sleep, listening to Gene's bare feet move around on the kitchen floor.

Un jeudi soir Emily a été assise à moitié endormie sur son canapé. Elle tenait un morceau plié du journal. C'était un mot croisé qu'elle avait commencé plus tôt dans la journée. Son menton restait sur son doux genou, somnolent, ses tempes bougeant légèrement au serrement de sa mâchoire. Un son aigu de la douche rempliait la salle de séjour, chaudement allumée, d'un ronronnement doux et calme.

La porte de la salle de bain fait un cri sourd sur le plancher en bois . Gene força stupidement frottant ses cheveux avec une serviette . Les bits de vapeur à partir de la pomme de douche de la salle de bains et toucha le visage d'Emily . Lavande sauvage . Elle a poussé à garder les yeux ouverts et regarder Gene . Un léger sourire se dessina sur son visage , ses yeux fermer doucement à nouveau .

" Toujours faire? " Gene regarda morceau de papier plié . Elle s'assit à côté d'elle , son t-shirt de couchage plâtré autour de ses épaules avec de l'eau .

"Meh , je pense que j'ai baisé vers le haut .

Assis tout le chemin du retour sur le canapé , Gene a commencé à se balancer la tête .

" Oh .. cette chanson . Quoi qu'il en soit . "

Emily se pencha en avant , " je n'entends rien . "

Gene se leva et se tourna un bouton sur la chaîne stéréo . Elle se regardant Emily .

" Qu'est-ce que c'est? "

" Je ne peux pas dire si c'est Evans ou . . " Gene . Pris un boîtier de CD sur une étagère derrière elle et lire le dos de celui-ci . " Oh . Je pense que Mara me l'a donné . "

"Vraiment?" Emily décalé dans le canapé , portant ses pieds vers le sol . Il avait été un mois depuis Gene avait mentionné Mara Rubin .

" Ouais . Elle m'a donné quelques CD . Je suppose que certains d'entre eux ... sont toujours là , " elle a tiré un autre CD sur .

" Et qui est ce jeu ? "

" Bill Evans ? Je l'ai joué pour vous. Vous en quelque sorte, il faut grandir en elle " .

«À l'heure ? - Parce que je ne peux pas vraiment faire quoi que ce soit de ce " .

" Oui, il faut du temps. Vous seriez probablement apprendre à l'aimer. "

En regardant Gene tenir dans sa serviette de plage , Emily rappeler quelque chose.

« Venez vous asseoir pour de nouveau . "

Une chaise est entendu glisser dans un appartement à l'étage . Il s'agit d'un moment de calme .

"Nous devons sortir bientôt. " Gene sourit sournoisement , croisant ses jambes sous elle sur le canapé . Ses grands yeux regardant beaucoup plus alerte et de Emily - voulait-elle dire s'en tirer à droite puis ?

" Ce serait bien. "

Ils se turent de nouveau , à la fois assis dans le canapé maintenant .

" Peut-être que nous pouvons dormir tôt ce soir . "

" Non, baise . Quel âge avez- vous - c'est une blague " .

Ils se sont assis pour un moment de plus , le poids de leur corps appuyé contre l'autre . Emily ferma les yeux , souhaitant qu'elle était déjà sous les couvertures avec Gene , amassant la chaleur du corps au centre de leurs draps froids . Sa respiration est devenue longue et même . Puis son corps a fait un coup, petit tressaillement .

" Allez, cuddlebug . Vous s'endormir . " Gene se leva et se dirigea vers la cuisine . Emily se sentait de nouveau révélé à l'air froid de la salle de séjour . Elle enroulé ses jambes sur le canapé et s'assit , oscillant entre la vie éveillée et le sommeil , en écoutant les pieds nus de gènes se déplacer sur le sol de la cuisine .

FOR THOSE ENTERING COLLEGE / 대학입학을 앞둔 새내기들을 위해

By Tom Yu [Korean - English]

Dear _____,
The day I first held your small body in my arms seems like only yesterday, yet here we are, seventeen years later, facing the moment when you are about to leave for college. Ambitiously, I wrote this letter many years in advance, so please forgive me if you feel uneasy about any of my false assumptions. I wrote this letter of advice for two reasons: 1) with a fresh memory of college, I thought I would be able to provide more useful and relevant tips for you, and 2) I wanted to help you tackle those critical questions you will face as a college student, as I always wished your grandfather would have done the same. Colleges have changed since my time, but certain things remain the same. It is my sincere wish that you will find this letter as one of advice from an experienced friend rather than from an awkward father.
If you have decided to attend a liberal arts college as I did, you will inevitably face the question of what to study. As you may have guessed from my lifestyle, I was one of those naïve college students who thought his life should be planned out in detail. When I first entered Middlebury, I was quite convinced that I would study Politics. Would you believe that a piano concert during the fall semester of my Sophomore year actually changed that path? Professor Matthews, the chair of Economics department at that time, also attended the concert, and I had a chance to talk to him about my future plans during the intermission. After subtly providing me with a reason why I may be better off studying Economics, he introduced me to wonderful professors who largely influenced my decision to switch. The point is, you should always be open to random events and signs to guide you, as you never know what can happen. You might want to make a decision before becoming an upperclassman, but during your first two years in college, I would advise you not to be concerned if you have not decided.
Another big question you will face in college is how to deal with bad grades and criticism from professors. Regardless of how smart or confident you are, everyone gets a lower mark than expected at certain points in college. I would like to tell you that it is alright and natural to feel stressed. (I would be little concerned if you were indifferent.) Fortunately, stress and pain from negative shocks do not last forever, and the key is to learn from criticisms and address the issues pointed out by professors. I know how dull this may sound to you, but as you will later see, it can be really tempting just to overlook the criticism and move on. According to my experience, the quicker you internalize this lesson, the faster you will become a better learner.
I wish I could have written a much more interesting letter by telling you something like how I met your mother, but I am afraid it will take while for me to figure that out myself. Due to my relatively young age, I cannot comment too much about life, but here is one thing I know with certainty: your college time will fly by. While I cannot deny the importance of academics, but it is almost as important, if not more, to enjoy college while it lasts. Hopefully by the time you read this, I will have made it clear to you that no matter where you go to college or what you study, I will always love you for you are. Please Skype or call whenever you need someone to talk to, and best of luck with your upcoming journey!
Your number one fan,

Dad
P.S Don't forget to take vitamins every day!!!

OOO 에게,
 네가 세상을 처음 맞이한 날 그 작은 몸을 조심스레 감싸안았던 날이 정말 엊그제 같은데, 17년이라는 시간이 바람같이 지나 네가 벌써 대학을 입학하게 되었구나. 이 비교적 대담한(?) 편지를 수년 전에 썼기에 잘못된 가정들이 전제돼어 있을수도 있다. 만약 내 예측에 빗나간 가정들이 불편하게 느껴진다면 미리 사과할게. 아직 존재하지도 않는 네게 이 편지를 쓰는 이유는 두가지야. 첫째, 내가 이 편지를 쓴 당시 난 대학생활을 하고있던 학생이었기에 네게 정말 도움이 될만한 조언들을 해줄 수 있을거라 생각했다. 둘째, 네 할아버지께 내가 항상 원했듯이, 네가 대학생으로서 마주할 중요한 질문들에 대한 답을 찾는데 조금이나마 도움이 되고싶었어. 대학자체가 내 때와는 많이 달라졌지만, 변하지 않는것들이 항상 있는법이지. 네가 이 편지를 무뚝뚝하고 어색한 아빠가 아닌 경험 많은 친구로부터 받은 편지라고 생각해주었으면 정말 좋겠다.
네가 만약 나와 같이 리버럴아츠 대학을 가기로 결정했다면 무엇을 공부할 것인가라는 불가피한 질문을 직면하게 될거야. 내 생활습관을 안다면 내가 항상 모든일들을 세세하게 결정해야 한다고 믿었던 순진한 대학생이었다는 걸 어렵지 않게 상상할 수 있겠지. 내가 처음 미들베리에 입학했을 때, 난 내가 국제정치와 경제전공을 할거라고 확신했어. 이런 계획은 내가 2학년 1학기때 우연히 가게된 피아노 공연에 의해 바뀌게 되었지. 당시 경제학부장이셨던 Matthews 교수님도 공연에 오셨었는데, 중간 휴식 시간에 그 분과 내 미래 계획에 대해 얘기를 나눴어. 왜 내가 경제학을 공부하는 것이 나에게 더 이득이 될 수 있는지 미묘하게 설명해주신뒤, 그 학기말 내 계획을 변경하는데 이바지해주신 은사님들을 소개시켜주셨지. 요점은 어떤일이 일어날지 아무도 모르기에, 항상 무작위로 일어나는 일들과 사인들에 개방된 자세를 갖추고 있어야한다는거야. 고학년이 돼기전까지 전공결정을 내리는 것이 좋겠지만, 대학에서 첫 2년안에 결정을 내리지 못한다면 걱정할 필요없다고 생각한다.
대학에서 마주할 다른 중요한 질문은 좋지 않은 성적과 교수님들의 비평을 어떻게 다루냐는 걸거야. 아무리 똑똑하고 자신있는 학생이더라도 어느 순간엔 자신이 예상했던것보다 낮은 점수를 받는 경우가 있어. 그런 상황에서 스트레스를 받는 것은 당연한 일이라고 말해주고 싶다. (그런 상황을 무관심하게 받아들인다면 조금 걱정이될 것 같아.) 다행히 부정적인 일들로부터 오는 고통과 스트레스는 시간이 지남에따라 서서히 아물게 되있단다. 제일 중요한 것은 짜증나고 싫더라도 교수님들이 지적한 문제점들을 고치려고 노력해야 한다는 점이야. 학교생활을 이미 해본 네게 굉장히 진부하고 당연하게 들릴수도 있겠지만 남의 비평을 간과하는 것이 얼마나 쉽고 유혹적인지 너도 알거라 믿는다. 내 경험에 비추어 보건데 이 조언을 더 빨리 내면화할수록 더 빨리 뛰어난 학생으로 거듭날 수 있을거야.
이런 딱딱하고 지루한 편지대신 네 엄마를 만나게 된 계기 같은 더 흥미로운 이야기를 해줬으면 좋았을텐데, 안타깝게도 나 또한 네 엄마를 언제 만날지 아직 잘 모르겠구나. 이 편지를 쓰던 당시 나의 어린나이와 경험 때문에 인생에대해 감히 말해 줄 순없지만, 대학에서의 시간이 눈 깜짝할 사이에 지난다는 것 하나는 장담해줄 수 있어. 학업의 중요성을 부정할 생각은 없어. 그렇지만 짧은 대학생활을 최대한으로 즐기는 것이 학업보다도 더 중요할 수있다고 생각해. 네가 이 편지를 읽을 때즈음엔 이미 난 네가 어느 대학을 가건, 또 어떤 공부를 하던 너 그대로의 모습을 사랑한다는 걸 알고 있길 바란다. 이야기할 사람이 필요하면 언제든지 스카입이나 전화해. 너의 또다른 여정에 행운이 함께하길 진심으로 바란다.

사랑하는 아빠가
P.S 비타민은 잊지말고 꼭 챙겨먹어!

UNA PICOLA STORIA DI AMORE / A LITTLE STORY ABOUT LOVE

By Magda Nazer [Italian - English]

C'era una volta una ragazza,
Una ragazza con gli occhi marrone
E un amore grande
Per la vita,
Per la gente
E per l'amore
Che fa il mondo
Caldo,
Bello,
Gentile…

E lei canta canzoni,
E parla/dice parole,
E scrive,
E pensa-
Tutto per l'amore!

E con una solitudine grande
E amore che sempre espande
Lei viaggia nel mondo
E nei cuori della gente
E lascia speranza
Nell'inizio adolescente,

Ma che coltiva
La paura,
La pena,
L'insicurezza
E crea amore,
Corraggio,
Allegrezza…
*
Con un cuore aperto
Con un sorriso gigante
"abbracciami" ti dico,
Avvicinarsi abbracciante
La paura,
La pena,
L'insicurezza.
Tieni la mia mano
E con imprevista be llezza
Guarda li vanno
E mai tornano
Mentre amiamo,
Sogniamo,
Speriamo… <3

Once upon a time, there was a girl.
A little brown eyed girl
With a huge love;
For life,
For people
And for Love
Making the world
Warmer,
Beautiful
And more tender.

And she sang songs,
Talked
And wrote-
All about Love!

With solitude
And a love that always expands,
She travelled through the world
And the hearts of the people
And left hope,
Adolescent in the beginning,

Cultivating
The fear,
The pain,
The insecurities…
And creating
Love,
Courage
And joy.
*
With an open heart
And a warm, big smile
"Hug me", I tell you,
Get closer and embrace
The fear,
The pain,
The insecurities…
Hold my hand
And see the unexpected beauty
Of their leaving
And not coming back
As long as we
Love,
Dream
And hope.

Photo by Eliza Jaeger

К Анне / TO ANNA

By Samuel Finkelman [Russian - English]

Там те незнакомые очи
До света со мной говорят
-А. Ахматова, 1959

Быть может далеко родился я
От вашего сада печали.
И не видел я никогда
Известной вашей шали.

Ошибочно время отмерив,
Попал я в мир тупой.
Я кричу среди деревьев.
Очень жаль, что лес глухой!

Устал и грустен я ложусь,
Нажимая ухом к земле.
Пожалуй я дурак, но клянусь:
Слышно зловещий
ваш шорох
мне.

"There those unfamiliar eyes
Converse with me until sunrise"
-A. Akhmatova, 1959

Maybe I was born far away
from your garden, sad and sorrowful.
And your shawl, known to all,
My eyes never saw.

Poorly measuring time I fell
Into a world, of meaning bereft.
Standing among the trees I yell.
What a pity, the forest is deaf!

Weary and sad, I lay myself down,
Pressing my ear to the ground.
Perhaps I'm a fool, but I swear:
Your sinister
rustling does
sound.

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Please send any comments, questions, and submissions to translingual@middlebury.edu

Photo by Eliza Jaeger